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## BIOGRAPHY.

From the Belfast News-Letter.

### KIRWAN.

By the death of DEAN KIRWAN, Ireland has lost a man whose eloquence in the pulpit was unrivalled. No divine ever declared bolder truths, nor urged them with a bolder tongue. Neither dignity nor rank escaped the severity of his lash. To those of exalted situation, his satire was chiefly addressed; and even the presence of the accused did not diminish the poignancy of his reproof.—He who could open the miser's purse & teach his tears to flow, must have been endowed with talents seldom found among the sons of men. In pleading the rights and wants of the poor, as well as the claims of helpless infancy, his appeal was irresistible. The value of this world's goods sunk before the fascinating eye & reasoning of the speaker—while few of his auditors departed from the assembly without leaving what they deemed too little at the time, but too much on reflection. So great was his popularity with all ranks of the people, especially among the highest, that he was followed by immense multitudes, and the churches were guarded, for the sake of order, by military sentries.

It is to be regretted that some of his best sermons, or at least splendid portions of them, have not been published.—From one of those three detached passages, taken in short hand during delivery, are given. They convey some idea of his style of composition—but the vehemence and commanding tone of the preacher died with himself.

I. "How often have we seen the column of Pride erected upon the base of infamy; and just when it hath begun to attract the gaze and stare of the adulating multitude—*Deus*, like a rocky fragment, rolling from the mountain, crumbles into nothing the imaginary Colossus!"

II. "Insects of a day we are!—hurried along the stream of Time, that flows at the base of God's immutability! we look up and think in our schemes, and our pursuits, to emulate his ETERNITY."

III. "If they who lie there—whose places you now occupy, and whose riches you possess, (God only knows how possess): If they, I say, were at this moment to appear amongst ye—(dost fear!)—it would not be to reclaim their wealth, but to bear testimony to its vanity."

The size and form of the French pulpit were better calculated for his extended action than ours, as the oratory of the old French divines was that which he occupied; of whom Bossuet and Massillon seem to have been his principal models. A sermon of the latter, on "The small number of the Elect," in many parts resembles Mr. Kirwan's best manner.—Voltaire selected it as an example of 'eloquence,' under that head in the French Encyclopaedia, and thus drew its panegyric:

"Le Lecteur sera bien aise de trouver ice ce qui arriva la premiere fois que Massillon, depuis Eveque de Clermont, precha son fameux sermon du petit nombre des Elus. Il y eut un moment ou un transport de ferveur l'empara de tout l'auditoire; presque tout le monde se leva, a moitie par un mouvement involontaire; le mouvement d'acclamation et de surprise fut si fort, qu'il trouble l'orateur, et ce trouble ne servit qu'a augmenter le pathos de ce morceau."—*Le voici.* (See note.)

As it is possible that it may not before have appeared in English, the following translation of the passage so extolled by the philosopher of Ferney, is humbly

Pointing from the pulpit to the grave yard.

For such as are not conversant with French, the passage above given, is rendered thus: "The reader will be pleased to hear what occurred the first time that Massillon, afterward Bishop of Clermont, preached his celebrated sermon on, 'The small number of the Elect.' At a particular moment a transport of horror seized the audience, who rose up almost to a man, half of them by an impulse totally involuntary. The forcible manner in which they expressed their feelings, and the surprise it occasioned, were such as to disconcert the Orator, whose confusion gave additional energy to the pathos of his admirable address."

offered, with a conviction that the sublimity and effect of the original, are not only diminished, but in a great degree lost.

### MASSILLON.

"I shall suppose the present hour your last, and the end of the universe—that the Heavens open over your heads, and our Saviour appears in his glory in this temple—that ye are assembled, as trembling criminals, awaiting the sentence of grace, or the *arret* of eternal death!

"You flatter yourselves in vain, if you imagine that such as you are this day, such you will not die—for all hopes of future amendment that deceive you now, will continue to deceive you on the bed of death. This is the experience of every age! The only difference you will find, will perhaps be your having a *greater* reckoning to settle *then*, than at present; and as it would be, were judgment pronounced this instant, you may almost decide what it will be on your departure from life—I demand of you, (and demand with terror, conceiving my own lot involved in yours)—I demand then, if CHRIST should appear in this temple, in the midst of an assembly the most august in the world, in order to judge us, & make the dreadful separation of the goats from the sheep—whether you believe that the greater part would stand on the right hand—whether the numbers would be even equal—or whether he would find here ten just persons, which the Lord could not formerly discover in five cities?—I ask of ye, but ye are as ignorant of it as I am. Thou alone, my God, knowest those who belong to thee—but we at least know, that sinners are not of the number.

"Who are the faithful here assembled? (Titles, dignity, being accounted nothing, as of those we should be divested in our Saviour's presence)—*Who are they?* Many sinners have no desire to repent—still more who have, deter the time—others there are who repent but to sin anew—and a great number believe that they have no need of amendment. Take these four descriptions of sinners out of this assembly, as they would be on the last day—remains of Israel, present yourselves! Where are ye? Stand on the right hand.—*What of Jesus*, separate from the straw destined for the flames! O God!—*where are the elect, and what is left for your portion?*"

An ingenious French critic remarks, that this figure, the boldest ever made use of, forms one of the finest traits of eloquence to be found, among either ancient or modern nations; that the rest of the discourse is worthy of the brilliant passage referred to; and that such *chefs d'oeuvres* are rare.

Every good mind peruses with pleasure Massillon's discourse on the ambition of the great, and especially of Kings—intended to inspire Louis XV with a horror at the idea of war. For want of a better, the writer presents the following translation of the Preacher's description of

### A CONQUERING MONARCH.

"His glory, Sire, will ever be stained with blood.—Fools may perhaps be found to sing his victories, but provinces, cities, countries shall bewail them.—They will decorate superb monuments to immortalize his conquests; but the cinders, still smouldering, of so many once flourishing cities, the desolation of so many lands despoiled of their ancient beauty, the ruins of so many walls under which peaceable citizens have been buried—will be the mournful monuments that shall immortalize his vanity and his folly. As shall pass like a torrent ravaging the earth; not glide as a majestic river, dispensing happiness and abundance around. His name shall appear in the annals of posterity among the conquerors; but not among the good Kings; and the history of his reign shall only be recalled to mind, to perpetuate the recollection of the evils he occasioned among them.

"Thus, his pride, (says the spirit of God) shall ascend to Heaven, his head reach the clouds; his success equal his wishes—and all this mass of glory be nothing in the end, save a heap of corruption, leaving nought but opprobrium & infection behind."

From the European Magazine.

### THE JESTER.

"Money makes the Mare go"

Old English Proverb.

The want of money is perhaps one of the greatest evils or misfortunes incident to a human being, in a civilized country; more so than even want of health, or want of domestic happiness. There is a considerable difference between not being able to eat any thing, and the not having any thing to eat; between having a scolding partner whom you may leave if you have money in your pocket, to seek consolation abroad, and one who sticks by you in poverty to upbraid you with the scantiness of your means of supporting her.

Philosophers say that Nature abhors a vacuum; which very well explains all the growling discontents of an empty stomach, that expresses itself dissatisfied in a variety of ways, and is never still until it gains its object. A friend of mine, a young student of the Inner Temple, who had the only stock in trade insisted upon by the late Counsellor Beareoff to be the best of any for a lawyer, poverty, frequently observed, with considerable humour, that there was no real misfortune in life, but the want of money. "Any thing else," said he, may be a swaged, or alleviated, or ameliorated, or reconciled, or replaced; but the want of money is a radical disease, a poverty of the constitution, sometimes hereditary, frequently a chronic complaint, that nothing will entirely remove but the ballamics, syrups, tonics, and rich cordials, given in exchange by that celebrated quack, Dame Fortune for the articles of honesty and humanity, which commodities she wishes to buy up in the world at any price." It appears lucky, therefore, for mankind, that this distemper of poverty is by no means incurable, as several celebrated nostrums of the above notorious quack, will remove the complaint; though it must be admitted that sometimes the remedy is worse than the disease, and dangerous symptoms of new disorders appear in the room of it; such as the tumors and white swellings of Pride, the dry gripes of Avarice, the fever of Ambition, the heart-burn, the incubus, or night mare of Conscience, and a numerous catalogue of other complaints inoculated with the poison of the nostrum, more dreadful frequently in its effects than hen-lock.

There is, however, a radical cure to be effected of the complaint of Poverty, recommended by all the regular practitioners of real life, and which will by gradual steps renovate and enrich the constitution with amazing effect, and sometimes much sooner than could be imagined, with the advantage that it restores to the patient perfect health.—This prescription is no secret, nor is it an amulet or charm, though it has all the character of one. It can be prepared by the patient himself, and the ingredients are so common and cheap, that it requires little else than time & attention, and will *citara paribus* suit all constitutions; it is known by the title of *Industry*, but it requires, to make it keep, another ingredient, *Honesty*; for *Honest Industry*, is a specific that can safely cure all the diseases of poverty, all over the world.

It will be proper in this place to lay something of the virtues, attributes, and incidents attending upon the better circumstance of "Money in both pockets." Look at that round faced, fresh coloured man, (cudding (if I may use the term) before the wind, along Fleet-street, and now passing St. Dunston's Church; he is an honest, hard working tradesman, just going to his banker's with "Money in both pockets;" he was very poor ten years ago, with a wife, but they were both frugal; he got, to use another old adage, "the fore horse by the head," & by the help of the whip of Industry, he soon got Dame Fortune into a canter; he has a pleasant box at Islington, and the children, Master and Miss Chubby, are now at a boarding school for their education.

To pursue the subject: the most distressing condition of human life is, perhaps, that of a poor gentleman.—The poor gentleman, incapable from the man-

ner in which he has, perhaps, been brought up, suffers the disease of poverty with a temperament of mind and body that will scarcely permit of the common remedy above recommended. Of too delicate a constitution for hard labour, exercise, the great ingredient of the specific, would be too strong a medicine for him to bear;—and though there are some places where a prescription is made up of a milder, yet efficacious drug, it is in so much request by the numerous persons afflicted with the disease, that it cannot be obtained by every one. How wretched is the situation of a well educated, intelligent, sensible man, alive, from intellect, to every incident he meets with, and tenacious of every insult, oppressed by an almost incurable disease, only palliated at times by the opiates of invitation and of obligation, which leave the constitution of the mind impaired!

It is, however, a pleasant reflection that of late years, this once numerous class of society, are considerably reduced in number by the wisdom of the generation, who have taken care to bring up their children either to the professions of the church, the army, or the navy, and among the middling classes of people to trade, thereby striking at the root of an epidemic.

I have been told an anecdote of the late Lord Palmouth, which, from the respectable quarter it came from, I believe to be true. About fifty years ago, it was a well known custom among the poor gentlemen of that day to walk in the Park, as it was called, for a dinner; that is, in the hopes that they might be asked to one by some person they might chance to meet. Numerous were these daily claimants upon incident and accident, who might be seen counting the trees in shabby genteel habiliments, and sometimes with swords by their sides.—It happened one day that lord Palmouth, who was a very plain dressing man, was accosted by one of these Park Keepers, who was seated next him on one of the benches, with "How are you Sir? it gets late; I don't think we shall have any luck to day."—The peer started—"I presume, Sir, that you are upon the same business with myself."—"Really I don't know, Sir," cried his Lordship: "What is your business?"—"I mean no offence, Sir; but I suppose that you have been waiting here in hopes to meet some of your friends."—"I should have no objection."—"No, I thought so, Sir; but tis too late now, Sir. I declare I hav'nt had a dinner these two days. I hope you have had better luck."—"Why yes," answered his Lordship (who had now become master of the subject;) and as you think it is too late now to expect any body to ask us, suppose we walk a little way together, and if you have no objection I am provided for today, and shall be glad of your company to take a bit with me."—"Well?" replied the stranger, (rising from his seat,) "I'll do as much for you another time."—This conversation continued until they came to the door of his Lordship's elegant mansion, at which were half a dozen of the servants in livery, standing to pass away the time. The stranger was astonished to find them draw up and pull off their hats; but his ideas could not carry him higher at the moment, than to fancy his friend the House steward or the butler; and here his dignity was a little hurt, for he was a real gentleman, & when he was asked to dinner it was with persons of condition. However, his good nature and respect for the hospitable invitation he had received, joined to the intercessions of an empty stomach, made him enter. But what was his astonishment when he saw himself introduced into an elegant dining room, to a table supplied with all the luxuries of the season and the finest wines. The stranger now became in his turn master of the subject. No other person dined with Lordship that day; and after making his guest eat a hearty dinner, he addressed him as follows:—"Sir, in future you will recollect that you are not to walk in the Park for a dinner, but an appetite; the dinner you will always find provided here, whether I am in town or not, at home or abroad."